

tinued his donations to the pikes (which here are beautiful) and would not bestow a single crumb on his companion. 'This is all very well/ says Maurice, 'but his Lordship forgot one little circumstance. He had no appetite; I had.' He says that he never saw a man eat so little as B. in all his life, but that he would drink three or four bottles of the richest wines for his breakfast. I shall perhaps remember more when we meet.

I have been on the lake at all hours, and seen Mt. Blanc by all lights, twice by sunset, when the whole mighty mountain is quite rosy. The effect is beyond all description. The living at Secheron is most excellent; we much wanted it. Except at Dijon I have scarcely had anything to eat since I left Paris. In the Juras we were literally without a meal. The honey of the Alps, wild strawberries, butter, cheese, and eggs are all very well in romance and certainly are not to be despised as collaterals, but with us they were principals for successive days. Travellers require nourishing food. In the Juras we could not even get a bottle of common wine, and the bread was black and not only sour but acid.

Mrs. A. is very well, and speaks French with even greater rapidity than she does English. I hope to God my mother is better. Love to all. Tell Jim and Ralph I'd give anything for an election.

Your most affectionate son,

B.

DISRAELI.

An eloquent passage in the diary supplements this letter: —

GENEVA,

Aug. 20.

I was on the lake again this night. It was partially cloudy; the moon finally gained the ascendancy. Swift lightning played opposite her at intervals. In valleys of mountains it is very beautiful to watch the effect of sunrise and sunset. The high peaks are first illumined: the soft yellow light then tips the lower elevations, and the bright golden showers soon bathe the whole valley, except a dark streak at the bottom, which is often not visited by sunlight. The effect of sunset is perhaps still more lovely: the highest peaks are those which the sun loves most. One by one mountains relatively to their elevations steal into darkness; and the rosy tint